

THE BOURBON NEWS.

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REFLECTED GLORY.

[A Fable.]

A marigold grew at the fluted base
Of a lofty statue of chiseled fame,
And crowds were thronging the open space,
All eager to learn the sculptor's name;
And the marigold felt a thrill of pride,
As she heard the words of generous
praise;
"How very beautiful!" they cried;
For genius warms like the sun's broad
rays.
She reared her head with an arrogant
smile,
And gazed at the great admiring crowd,
She thought they were bowing to her she
while,
And gratified vanity made her proud;
"Whoever said that the rose was queen,
Had never looked on a marigold—
I'm the loveliest flower even seen,"
My beauty has not yet been told."
And the marble statue, gleaming white,
Lost no whit of its value rare,
More than the stars of purple night
Are paled by the penny candle's glare;
And ere the sun had sunk to rest,
The marigold had drooped and died—
Her golden head upon her breast,
And broken all her idle pride.
—Lillia Shaw Husted, in Overland Month-
ly.

THE PIRATE AND
THE WHALER.

By George E. Walsh.

WHEN Capt. Ned Low, one of the
most formidable pirate leaders in
colonial days, committed his depredations
along the Atlantic coast from
Newfoundland to Panama, he took special
delight in wreaking vengeance upon
the crews and captains of New England
vessels.

The reason for this is found in the
accounts of his exploits by an old his-
torian. The sturdy colonists would not
permit him to perform his outrages
without some sort of retaliation. So
formidable a foe did they send after the
noted pirate chief that more than once
he was cornered and nearly captured.

In June, 1723, Capt. Low formed a
partnership with a successful pirate of
lesser note, known as Charles Harris.
The two united forces and directed their
energies toward the New England coast.
They soon aroused such indignation in
the New England coast towns that the
warship Greyhound was sent out after
the pirate, and, disguised as a merchant-
man, she soon fell in with the enemy.
The war ship was manned with 20 guns
and 120 men. When she sighted the
pirates her captain pretended to be in
great consternation, and the vessel
stood away for two hours, with the
pirates close at her heels.

When Low and Harris were in gun-
shot the war ship suddenly turned
around and delivered several broadsides
into the chasing vessels. During the
conflict which followed, Capt. Low
escaped on his fleet vessel; but Harris
and his crew were captured and hanged
near Newport on July 10, 1723.

This incident created a feeling of re-
lief and rejoicing throughout New Eng-
land, but it was of short duration. In-
stead of being frightened away by the
fate of his partner and his crew, Capt.
Low increased his activity, and scoured
the seas after New England vessels.

At that time New England was send-
ing out large fleets of whaling boats, and
the sturdy, innocent seamen of these
were bothered by the pirates probably
more than any other class. They car-
ried very little merchandise that was of
any value to the pirates, but out of a
sense of revenge, Capt. Low took special
delight in destroying the whaling ves-
sels and in setting their crews adrift in
small boats or killing them.

Matters went on this way for a few
months, when the noted pirate chief
either became frightened at the number
of war ships searching for him, or he
felt that he had been sufficiently re-
vengeful for the hanging of his partner,
for after the winter of 1723 there is no
record to show that he ever again vis-
ited the American coast. His operations
thereafter were confined chiefly to the
African coast and among the Canaries
and Cape Verde islands.

But one incident of his career among
the New England whalers before he left
for southern waters will illustrate the
pluck and ingenuity of the sturdy sea-
men of that day.

The Carrie Bald, of Boston, sailed
from that city, manned with a crew of
15 sailors, and after ten weeks of suc-
cessful whaling, she turned her prow
toward home, loaded down with blub-
ber and whale oil. Her crew were in the
best of spirits, anticipating large profits
from their cargo, and a hearty welcome
home by their wives, children and sweet-
hearts.

On July 10 she sighted land, which
proved to be a rocky headland on the
Maine coast. With this guide post tell-
ing the captain and crew that they
would be in Boston harbor in a few
days everybody began to make prepara-
tions for landing. Everything about the
vessel was put ship-shape, and the old
sailors even got their belongings to-
gether and packed them in bags and
old sailcloth.

But before Mount Desert island was
sighted, a sail was seen heading
toward the coast, standing up from the
sea like a great, white cloud. Capt.
Bald, of the Carrie, grew anxious as
the sail approached nearer and dis-
played a flag at the mizzen masthead
which he could not make out. One rea-
son for his running so far inshore had
been to escape the notice of any piratical
craft that might be cruising up
and down the coast. Most of the trad-
ing vessels stood well out from the
rocky Maine shore.

Half an hour later Capt. Bald felt reas-
suredly sure that the approaching sail

meant mischief, and that his whaler was
in imminent danger.

"We'll run in a bit," he remarked to
his first mate.

Long familiarity with the New Eng-
land coast now stood him in good serv-
ice. He ran his craft so close to the
shore that it was dangerous for one not
familiar with the channels to follow.

"It's no use, captain," the first mate
said after a long pause. "If that's
Capt. Low he knows every inch of this
water. He's better acquainted with
this coast than any other whaling cap-
tain from Portland to New Bedford."

"Well, if it ain't Ned Low, we'll give
him a chase among these rocks that he
won't forget very soon," replied gruff
Capt. Bald, pulling his long whiskers
nervously.

In a short time the black flag of the
pirates indicated even to the crew what
mission the ship was bent on. There
was a short time of general fear when
stout hearts quaked and rugged faces
turned pale. Every sailor knew the
cruelty of the pirate captain and his
horde of savages.

Then Capt. Bald called the crew to-
gether and addressed them in these
words:

"We may as well face this little diffi-
culty bravely, my men, and not mince
matters. That's Ned Low's ship, and
ye know what he's after; he never
shows mercy to anybody, especially to
a New Englander, and we'd better
die fighting than be strung up to the
yardarm or have our lips and noses
cut off for a fry. We've got harpoons
and axes aboard, and every one of ye
knows how to use 'em. So just get
'em and stick together and fight until
ye're dead. Just remember that it's
better to be killed than to fall in their
hands. I'll use my wits to get away
from them, but if worst comes to
worst, we must fight. That's all."

The stout words of the grim old whal-
ing captain lent new courage to the
crew, and they gave a little cheer that
meant more than the loud buzz of a
crowd. Every man felt that he was
about to face death, and he was deter-
mined to do it with a brave front.

Nearer and nearer approached the
threatening boat, on whose decks black
swarms of armed men could now be
seen. A small swivel gun sent a ball
ricocheting across the waves toward
the whaling schooner, but the latter
continued to thread her way carefully
among the sunken rocks.

The pirate craft, when she reached
the outlying fringe of rocks, hove to
and beat up and down like a duck un-
certain which way to go.

"It's dangerous water here if you
don't know your way," muttered Capt.
Bald, "and I guess you don't know it."

He was scanning the ship through his
sea glasses.

"Aha! Now Capt. Low takes the
wheel. His pilot don't know the way.
Now we're in for it!"

There was a change noticeable on
board the pirate. Then she directed
her course once more toward the rocks
and plunged boldly between them, fol-
lowing the narrow, tortuous channel.

Capt. Bald watched her in silence.
Then his light blue eyes, shaded by
thick, shaggy eyebrows, grew worried



and restless. He scanned the sea and
the shore, and then he returned his
gaze to the pirate.

"We can't lose them here," he said
finally to his first mate. "They'll over-
haul us before night, and then—"
He shuddered involuntarily.

"We might run her aground and swim
for the shore," he ejaculated, finally.
"No, we'll run her up the river. This
is Machias Point, and we might reach
the river ahead of 'em."

This decision was no sooner made
than the order was given to change
the course of the schooner. In half an
hour she rounded the point and stood
in toward the mouth of the river. The
pirate craft sent several solid shots
after the old whaler, but the aim was
poor, and no particular damage was
done.

It was late in the afternoon when the
Carrie sailed up the mouth of the river
against a strong tide, with the pirate
craft less than a mile astern. The coast
at this point was bleak and deserted in
those days, and it was almost as cer-
tain a death to land and desert the
ship as to face the pirates.

"Still, we'll do it," Capt. Bald said.
"It's better to fall among the Indians
than among these human fiends. I'd
rather be eaten by wolves than have my
tongue and eyes gouged out."

The pirates were so certain of their
prey now that their loud shouts of de-
fiance could be distinctly heard by the
whaling crew. Suddenly Capt. Bald
started, and, knowing that the best way
to keep his men brave was to find em-
ployment for them, he gave orders
quickly.

"Get the whaleboats ready for ac-
tion!" he shouted.

There were four of these, two on
either side, and each one was manned
with a crew of three sailors and an of-
ficer. When the men had unlashed
them from the davits, the captain
shouted:

"Form a water-bucket brigade for a
fire in the hold!"

This strange order made some of the
men hesitate, but explicit obedience in
their captain's words had become a hab-
it with them.

When the men were in line armed with
their buckets, Capt. Bald went below,
and in a few minutes the men were pass-
ing the buckets from one to the other,
emptying their contents first into one
whaleboat and then into another. But
there was no fire to fight, and the men
were not handling water. They were
dipping the whale oil from the great
tanks and hogsheds in the hold and
pouring it into the small boats.

"Enough!" shouted the captain a lit-
tle later. "Every man on deck!"

The novelty of the orders made the
men obey with alacrity, and they had
partly forgotten their danger in their
exertions. But when they assem-
bled on deck again and saw the
pirate only a short distance off their
faces paled once more.

But Capt. Bald realized that the mo-
ment for action had come, and he gave
his orders in quick, sharp commands.

"Lower the boats and tie them to-
gether with a rope 20 feet long!"

He fastened one of the lengths of
rope to the first boat himself, and threw
the other end to the first mate. The
pirates saw the launching of the four
whaleboats, and prepared to do the same
with their boats. But they little re-
alized that the brave seamen were not
making ready to escape to the shore, but
were planning for their destruction.

"I want four brave men who are will-
ing to risk their lives for the rest of us!"
Capt. Bald said, in his usual abrupt way.
Will they please step forward?"

Instead of four men every one of the
crew stepped forward.

"That's enough, my brave men," the
captain said, while his eyes grew moist.
I'll select my men."

Then taking four of his most trust-
worthy sailors he gave them brief but
emphatic directions what to do. The
sailors nodded their heads and jumped
into the boats, each carrying a life-pre-
server with him. The last words the
captain said to them were:

"Remember the right bank! Swim
toward it, and I'll pick you up."

What could he mean? The sailors on
board the Carrie asked this, and the
pirates must have been curious also to
know. They stopped a moment in their
yelling and watched the peculiar pro-
ceedings of the men in the whaleboat.

The four boats shot out from the
Carrie and were rowed directly toward
the pirate, the strong current of the
river helping them in their speed. The
pirates did not notice at first that each
boat was fastened by strong ropes to
each other's prows. They were too in-
tense in watching the strange proceed-
ings of this attack. It might have
dawned upon their obtuse minds that
part of the crew of the Carrie had de-
serted, or that they were coming to
plead for mercy.

But the four rowers were silent and
active. When they were within 50 yards
of the pirate the men threw away their
oars simultaneously and bent over
something in the middle of their whale-
boats. There was a tiny spark of light,
a flash and then a sudden upward blaze.

The four brave men slipped over the
side of their boats into the water and
disappeared. But the flames which they
had started burned furiously. The
whale oil in the bottom of the boats
furnished fuel that made a fire hard
to extinguish. The tide was carrying
the boats rapidly down the river toward
the pirate. Then for the first time the
pirates noticed that the boats were tied
together, forming a wide line stretch-
ing half across the river.

Instantly there was commotion on
board the pirate ship. In the confusion
everybody forgot the prey they had so
neatly hemmed in the river. The guns
were aimed at the approaching oil boats
of fire, and one was actually blown to
pieces, but the oil floated on the water
and only spread the flames.

In a few minutes the fire boats struck
the pirate ship, and the ropes holding
them together drew the end boats
toward the ship in such a way that
flames were soon spreading
through the rigging and hull. A few
brave pirates climbed down and cut
the ropes, but before they floated away
the ship was a huge mass of flames and
smoke.

Meanwhile Capt. Bald had not been
idle. Just as soon as his men dropped
into the water from the fire boats he
crowded on all sail, and, helped by the
tide, he went bowling down the river
close up toward the right bank.

While the pirates were fighting the
fire and trying to avert the doom of
their ship Capt. Bald was leisurely pick-
ing up the four brave sailors who had
caused the mischief.

"Now we'll stand out to sea," he said,
"and let 'em chase us again."

But the last he saw of the pirates, as
his schooner rounded the point of land
at the mouth of the river, was a cheer-
ing sight. Most of them were seeking
safety in the water. For more than two
hours a dense wreath of smoke could be
seen curling upward, and as long as it
was visible Capt. Bald chuckled softly
to himself on the forward deck.

"What wouldn't Capt. Low give to
catch me," he said over and over again.
"He'd cook me alive and feed me to his
men."

But no one was more joyful over the
outcome of the encounter with the cele-
brated pirate chief than the sailors of
the Carrie, who ever afterward told
with great glee how they helped to burn
Ned Low's best ship.—N. Y. Ledger.

Ladies First.

There is a story of a Scottish "origi-
nal" who, when asked by some young
ladies to cross a doubtful piece of ice
to test its strength preliminary to their
skating upon it, replied: "Na, na; I
I'm daft. I ken mainners—ladies first."
—Tit-Bits.

—A wealthy gentleman of London is
daily whirled around the streets of
the metropolis in a carriage drawn by
four zebras.

GREAT DEMAND FOR PENNIES.

Philadelphia Mint Turns Out 4,000,-
000 a Month.

The most useful and hard-working
member of the coin family consists of
55 per cent. of copper and five per cent.
tin and zinc, and bears on its face the
legend "one cent." It doesn't require
a person of advanced age or long mem-
ory to recall the time when the humble
coin was practically unknown west of
the Mississippi. Now its use is well-
nigh universal, and the demand for it
is increasing so rapidly that the Phila-
delphia mint is compelled to turn out
one-cent pieces at the rate of nearly
4,000,000 per month to keep up the
supply.

Two recent devices have been large-
ly responsible for the increased use of
our only copper coin. One is the penny-
in-the-slot machine, which has spread
over the land like the locusts of Egypt
within the past two or three years. A
single automatic machine company
takes in 500,000 pennies a day. As
there isn't a cross-roads village in the
country that hasn't a chewing gum,
kinetoscope, music or weighing ma-
chine operated in this way the num-
ber of coins required to keep them all
going is enormous. The other inven-
tion responsible for the rise of the
cent is the "bargain counter." The
craze for 49-cent and 99-cent bargains
makes work for a lot of pennies.

A subtreasury official says: "Why,
in the middle of July there was a week
or more of cold, rainy weather, and the
supply of pennies coming in for ex-
change into larger denominations fell
off one-third. All through the summer
the pennies accumulate on our hands,
but when cold weather comes and the
children get back to school and retail
trade revives there is a great demand
for them. At present the minor coin
division has tens of thousands of dol-
lars' worth of pennies on hand, but
they are beginning to go out, and
soon we shall probably be compelled to
call on the mint for a fresh supply.
The holidays demand a lot of pennies,
and with the approach of Christmas
our cent pile melts away amazingly."

There is no better indication of live-
ly trade conditions than the cent. Dur-
ing periods of dullness they always ac-
cumulate on our hands, and when trade
revives they begin to circulate rapidly
again."

The figures of distribution kept by
the mint are interesting as showing
the localities where pennies are most
in use. Last year the demand was
greatest from Pennsylvania, which
took over 11,000,000 of them. New York
was the second largest customer, add-
ing 9,000,000 to her supply.—Philadel-
phia Press.

BAD BITERS IN BANANAS.

Tarantulas Are Occasionally Found
by the Fruit Handlers.

Men who handle bananas on South
Water street, where the fruit comes
from, say that the deadly tarantula
does not appear as often as might be
expected of a spider which has a pre-
dilection for hiding in bunches of ba-
nanas. So seldom does the many-legged
spider put in an appearance that it is
never thought of, and when one is found
it occasions but little comment among
the fruit handlers, because it is not re-
markably dangerous. Banana rats, ba-
nana snakes and scorpions also come to
town by fast freight in the fruit trains,
but no one worries about them, and
they are killed as soon as they drop
out of the bunch.

"We handle about 100,000 bunches of
bananas every year," said the manager
of one of the big houses on the street,
"and we get about three tarantulas a
year. From that you can see that the
chances of a man being bitten are very
small, and indeed the men who handle
the fruit never think of the spiders. Be-
sides, when they arrive here the change
in temperature has chilled them so that
they are dormant and they huddle as
closely to the stem as possible and will
not move unless they are stirred up.
When we take the bunch downstairs to
the banana room, where it is quite
warm, they wake up and get lively.
They will not bite unless they are both-
ered or unless a man puts his hand on
one of them accidentally. Even then
the bite is not dangerous, because the
skin of the average fruit handler's hand
is so hard that the fang will not pierce
it. But we had a man here who was
bitten on the arm once and it swelled
up much as a snake bite does. The
only thing to do is to give him the snake
bite remedy, fill him up with rum and he
will get over the bite all right."

The banana snakes are not especial-
ly dangerous. They are long green
snakes about the size of the common
hay snakes found out here on the
prairie and they are found coiled up
around the stem of the bunch. When
the bunch is shaken they drop out and
are easily killed. Then there is what
is called a banana rat, a small animal
like a rat with long, silky hair and a
bushy tail. It forms a nest in the bunch
made of banana leaves, straw and what-
ever it can find, but it is dangerous.
Scorpions occasionally drop out of a
bunch of bananas, but not often, and no
serious accidents have ever occurred."
—Chicago Chronicle.

Wanted a Bill.

"Kunel," said an old Georgia dandy,
"will you do me a favor when you're up
in the legislature?"
"Certainly," replied the representa-
tive. "If it's in my power. What is it?"
"Don't dey hev lots er bills up dere,
suh?"

"Oh, yes—lots."
"An' you'll be comin' home 'bout
Christmas, suh?"

"Yes."
"Well, suh, do—ef you please, suh—
bring me a two-dollar bill!"—Atlanta
Constitution.

Putting It Gently.

Barnes—Did you call Gunter a lazy
donkey?
Potter—Oh! not so directly as that!
I told him it was nearly time he was
getting into harness again.—Pick-Me-
Up.

NOT HER BUSINESS.

Inducements Held Out by the Land-
lady to Applicants.

"There's one thing about your com-
ing here to room and board," said Mrs.
Prunes to a gentleman and lady who
had been looking at her rooms and
now said that they would "decide
later" about taking them. "And that
one thing is that you'll never be an-
noyed by me or any of my boarders
prying into your affairs. That's one
thing I never do. I consider that my
boarders have as much right to keep
their own affairs private as I have to
keep mine, and I never take offense no
matter how secret they are. Now I
know landladies who would be awfully
offended if any of their boarders
kept their bureau drawers locked tight
all the time, as that Mr. Jones does who
has my second floor rear room. He not
only locks every drawer, but keeps his
trunks locked and strapped all the time.
Of course it looks a little suspicious,
but it's his affair and not mine, and so
long as he pays reg'lar and conducts
himself as a gentleman I ain't any call
to meddle with his affairs. And I know
plenty of people who take roomers
who'd take offense if one of their room-
ers should be out night after night until
12 or sometimes as late as 17 minutes
after one, as Mr. Bloomer, who has my
third floor front, is, and one night it
was nine minutes after two when he
came in. But if he ain't inclined to
make explanations it ain't my bizness
to ask questions, and there ain't a
thing in his room to show that he ain't
all right. But it is kind o' mysterious
about him being out that way, and I
wouldn't want you to mention it if
you come here, but he is a married man,
with a wife and three children in the
south, and yet he gets a sight of let-
ters in women's handwriting, and one
day a letter came in an envelope so
thin that when I held it up to the light
I saw as plainly as anything 'Yours
faithfully, Helen,' and his wife's name
is Lucy; so it couldn't have been from
her, and he burned the letter, I know,
because I went up to his room as soon
as he'd gone out after getting the let-
ter and I fished out a scrap of blue paper
from the ashes in his stove, and the
letter was of blue paper, and I wouldn't
have you say anything about it, but I'd
be a little slow if I were you about get-
ting intimate with that Miss Racer,
who has the room next to the one you
think of taking. Of course it may be
all right, and I shan't try to pry into
her affairs anyway. I never do that
with any of my boarders, but that Miss
Racer has as many as five gentlemen
callers a week sometimes. Of course
she sees all of them in the parlor, and
I'll own up that I've never seen any-
thing wrong, although I've several
times got behind a portyair and
listened, as I felt it my duty to do, her
being under my roof and me being
kind o' responsible for her, but as for
prying and peekin' round out o' mere
curiosity, it's something, I thank the
Lord, I'm above, and I—what? You
don't think you want the room? Well,
you'll look long and far before you
find a place where you'd be free from
any spying on your actions as you'd
be here. All my roomers and boarders
can say that!"—N. Y. World.

THE SALT HABIT.

It Is Often Very Harmful to the Sys-
tem.

The use of salt as a condiment is so
general and so universally believed in
as necessary that we rarely bear a word
against its excessive use, but there are a
multitude of persons who eat far too
much salt—eat it on everything, on
meat, fish, potatoes, melons, in butter,
on tomatoes, turnips and squash, in
bread and on a host of foods too num-
erous to mention. To so great an extent
is it used that no food is relished which
has not a salty taste, and this hides
more or less the real taste, which is
often very delicate. Now, the amount
of salt required in the system is com-
paratively small, and if the diet has
been rightly compounded very little is
necessary. Some go so far as to discard
its use altogether, but whether this is
wise or not we will not here consider.
What are some of the evils of the exces-
sive use of salt? They are to paralyze
the nerves of taste, or to pervert them so
they cannot enjoy anything which has
not a salty flavor, and in addition there
is a direct tax on both the skin and the
kidneys in removing it from the blood.
Whether the skin is harmed by this tax
we do not know. Possibly it is not great-
ly injured, yet we know that few people
possess a healthy skin; but it is now
pretty well settled that an excessive use
of salt does overtax the kidneys in its
removal, and that the great number of
cases of derangement and disease of
these organs is due to this use. It takes
only a little time to learn to enjoy many
kinds of food without salt, and we ad-
vise our readers and others to look into
this matter and to try and diminish the
use of this condiment so far as possible.
We believe they will be better for it.—
Journal of Hygiene.

Marshmallow Cakes.

When making cookies roll out some
of the dough thin and cut with a
diamond-shaped cutter in size about
four inches between its long opposite
points. Place a marshmallow in the
center and fold the two opposite long
points over it and press them together.
In baking, the marshmallows swell and
round the joined dough, which will be
left like the handle of a tiny flat basket
when the cooling marshmallow con-
tracts.—Leisure Hours.

A Good Rule.

It is a good rule in home life to avoid
all arguments which tend to irritate
or wound. Blessings on the memory
of a saint of 90 years who once said:
"Dear child, never insist on the last
word about anything. It isn't worth
while. You can keep your own opinion,
but let your friend express his if he
wants to, and refuse for your part to
quarrel about a trifle."—Detroit Free
Press.

—My liberty ends when it begins to
involve the possibility of ruin to my
neighbor.—John Stuart Mill.

HUMOROUS.

"They say that the Italian count
she married turned out to be an organ-
grinder." "Well, at any rate, he had a
handle to his name."—Brooklyn Life.

—Class in Natural History.—"Name
two animals noted especially for their
ferocity." "Two cats tied across a
clothes line, ma'am."—Chicago Tribune.

—A Simple Programme.—The Mis-
sionary—"My friend, what would you
do if you expected the end of the world
in ten days?" The Tramp—"Wait for
it."—Puck.

—"Do you think there will be any
poets in the next world?" asked the as-
sistant editor. "Where else do you sup-
pose they've all gone to?" exclaimed the
editor.—Yonkers Statesman.

—"How old are you?" was asked of a
little English girl who is visiting in
Allegheny. "I am six." "And how old
is your cousin?" "He is six, too, but
he has been so longer than I." The boy
was a few months the older.—Pitts-
burgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

—The Enthusiast—"The game of golf
consists in getting the balls over the
course with the smallest possible num-
ber of strokes. You can understand
that?" Friend—"Of course. The play-
ers naturally desire to get through with
it as soon as possible."—Puck.

—"This baby," said the fond father as
he turned for another lap around the
room, "is going to be a great actress one
of these days." "What makes you think
so?" inquired his wife. "Just look at
the way she can shed real tears and
bring an audience to its feet."—Wash-
ington Star.

CONVERSE BY WHISTLING.

Remarkable Language in Use by the
Shepherds of Tenerife.

Few, probably very few, have ever
heard of the "whistling language" of
Tenerife, though this curious method
of speech—if, indeed, it can be so de-
scribed—is at least several centuries
old. The "whistling language" is used
by the shepherd folk of Tenerife and
Gomera, and the first recorded notice
of it was made by a French traveler as
far back as 1455. Since then stray wan-
derers have called the world's atten-
tion, at long intervals, to the "lan-
guage." Some